

Thoughts of Home

by The Bookworm's Magician

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Summary: Staring down at the village, Hiccup wondered when it had become home for him.

Thoughts of Home

****Title:** Thoughts of Home**

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****Beta:** Esther-Channah**

****Rating:** K**

****Character/s:** Hiccup**

****Pairing/s:** Slight Hiccup/Astrid**

****Spoilers:** If you haven't seen the movie, don't bother reading this.**

****Summary:** As Hiccup stared down at the village, he wondered:
'When did Berk become home for me?'**

****Disclaimer:** I don't own this, I never have and I never will.**

****AN:** This is my third story on FF. I hope that you all like it!**

****Thoughts of Home****

Hiccup had grown up all alone. Oh, his mother had been around for a while, and his father had tried to get to know him for quite some time, but his mother had died and his father had given up, and so he had spent the great majority of his life alone. He was used to it, though. By the time he met Toothless, he even liked the solitude.

Sure, it would have been nice to have been liked and accepted, but being alone gave him time to think and to work on his inventions. He was used to having time to himself, to do whatever he wanted, be it trying to impress his father and Gobber or just walking through the forest all day.

After he had finished healing from the battle with the Queen, Hiccup found that he no longer had time for himself. Now his time was taken up with training the dragons, teaching the Vikings about the dragons, assisting Gobber with making saddles for the dragons, spending time with his father, and hanging out with his friends and girlfriend. The most important use of his time, however, was flying with Toothless.

Hiccup was not used to that, and soon he found himself sneaking out of the village, just so he could walk alone in the woods. The difference this time was that when he disappeared now, people were worried about his safety and wellbeing. It was a new feeling, being worried about, and it was quickly becoming a smothering one. His only release was to be alone, or to go flying with Toothless.

He had just returned after a nice long flight and landed on the bluff overlooking the village. He stared down at the village, seeing the bowl-pillars full of food instead of fire-fuel, the dragons wandering freely around the village, the Viking actually riding the dragons, and the general amity and goodwill between the dragons and Vikings. As he watched, he came to a realization.

No matter how much being around other people all the time and having no time for himself annoyed him, this was his village, this was his family, and he loved them. Even more than that, though, he loved being needed, being useful. No longer did everyone laugh when he suggested something; instead they listened to him respectfully (respectfully!). His father listened to him when he talked, even when he wasn't saying much of anything.

On top of all that, though, was the feeling of home. He no longer found himself wishing he were far away; he thought instead of ways to improve the village. Instead of wishing to make such a great invention that they were forced to respect him, he already had the village's respect. No longer did he worry about having to kill dragons. Instead he taught them how best to care for them. He thought about that for a moment. When had Berk become home for him?

A nudge from Toothless knocked him out of his thoughts. He smiled at the dragon and turned back to the village.

"Come on, buddy. Let's go home."

End
file.